

## **Miles Apart** by orphan\_account

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** M/M, Short & Sweet, jonathan is in college and steve is in training at the police department, just some fluff, rated t for mention of sex, set at some point after season 2

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jonathan Byers, Nancy Wheeler (mentioned), Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington

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**Summary:**

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## Miles Apart

Steve hadn't been expecting the long distance thing to be easy, but God, it's *hard*. Jonathan's always been quiet, but his absence makes it seem dead silent, and Steve can't stand it half the time. Damn Jonathan and his good grades and his desire to go to a college that seems to Steve like it's a million miles away. In reality, it's just a few hundred miles northeast, a private art school in New York, but it might as well be on a completely different planet.

At least he's sweet talked Jonathan into calling him every day, and Nancy's at a community college that's a more bearable distance away, so Steve isn't completely lonely. If nothing else, his work at the police station keeps him busy. He's about as low on the chain of command as he can be right now, but he figures that's only fair. He's just an eighteen-year-old kid fresh out of high school with no formal police training to speak of. That doesn't stop him from treating every ride-along with Hopper like he's in some kind of crime drama TV show. Steve knows he'll work his way up eventually. He's just got to learn some damn patience.

Currently, that's not one of his strong points. It's late afternoon, and he still hasn't heard from Jonathan. Steve flops down on his bed with his phone in his hand, absently twirling the cord around his finger as he listens to it ring. After what feels like an eternity, Jonathan's familiar voice sounds a greeting on the other end.

"Hello?"

"When're you coming home?" Steve asks immediately. He can practically hear Jonathan roll his eyes. "Seriously. I miss you."

"I came back last weekend. That was four days ago," Jonathan answers. There's a little hint of amusement in his voice that Steve has learned to pick up on. He'd discovered pretty early on that there's a hell of a lot more to Jonathan than he'd originally thought. It's intriguing, one of the things that's drawn Steve to him.

"Yeah. Four days!" Steve rolls over onto his stomach with a dramatic sigh, purposefully making it loud enough for Jonathan to hear.

“C’mon, gimme some good news. Work sucked ass today. All I got to do was man the coffee maker.”

Jonathan laughs, a soft, barely audible sound, but it still makes Steve grin. “I’ll see you this weekend.”

Steve cradles the phone closer to his ear, smiling faintly to himself. He knows it’s only been four days, but that’s plenty long enough for the extra pillow on his bed to stop smelling like Jonathan and for the spaces between his fingers to feel achingly empty.

“I still don’t get why you can’t just take pictures here in Hawkins,” Steve remarks after a beat of comfortable silence.

“Hawkins doesn’t have an art school.” Jonathan’s answer is the same every time Steve asks, but Steve’s stubborn.

“Aren’t people in New York, like, rude and annoying?”

“Like you?” Jonathan chuckles softly to let Steve know he’s joking. A wide, amused grin spreads over Steve’s face.

“Aw. I miss you, too, handsome,” he teases.

Jonathan doesn’t say anything, but Steve knows he’s smiling. Just a few months ago, Steve had thought his world was over after Nancy dumped him. Now he can’t even remember the last time he’d been this happy. It’s been right under his nose this whole time. Jonathan, with his messy hair and dark brooding eyes, the last sort of person Steve would’ve pictured himself with before.

“Hey, guess what?” Steve pipes up after a quiet moment.

“What?”

“I love you.”

Jonathan breathes a soft chuckle into the phone. Steve absolutely adores that sound.

“Me too.”

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The next day at the station isn't much more exciting than yesterday had been. Steve's been assigned the job of sorting through the reports on Hopper's desk that haven't been filed away yet, and none of them are even remotely interesting.

Parking violation, raccoon in the trash mistaken for a burglar, kids playing with fireworks. Maybe Jonathan is onto something, moving away to a big city. Deep down, though, Steve loves the peace and quiet. It's an incredibly welcome contrast to the terror and chaos they've all been through.

Steve gets about halfway through before he zones out pretty much completely, slouched in Hopper's desk chair with his head lolled back to stare up at the ceiling as he drifts off in a daydream. He closes his eyes, creating images of Jonathan in his mind. *That faint, reserved smile, long fingers that know every curve and angle of Steve's body, the ridges of his spine and how Steve can feel them shifting underneath Jonathan's skin when they're naked together.*

"Steve."

And now Steve can even hear Jonathan's voice.

"Steve."

That time, it sounds just a little too real to be his imagination. Steve sits up straight again and rubs his hands down his face, then flutters his eyes open. For a moment, he thinks maybe he'd fallen asleep, because there's no way this isn't a dream. Jonathan isn't supposed to be home until tomorrow. Steve leaps up from his seat as quick as a reflex.

"Jon! What're you doing home?" Steve's voice sounds almost shockingly loud in contrast with the quiet police station, but he barely pays it any mind.

"Class was cancelled today, so I came early," Jonathan replies, his mouth tilted in a subtle, lopsided smile. Steve forgets all about the reports he's supposed to be filing and grabs Jonathan's hand, tugging

him outside and around to the back of the building where he knows there won't be anyone staring at them. He lets go of Jonathan's hand only to immediately wrap his arms around Jonathan's middle in a tight hug, squeezing like he'll never let go.

"I've been so lonely," Steve says playfully as he begins swaying them gently back and forth.

"Nancy told me you guys went to a movie just yesterday."

"Yeah, but Nancy isn't you! I can't kiss her anymore. Or whisper dirty jokes in her ear."

Jonathan just hums in reply, a sound that Steve has learned to interpret as "I'm amused, but I don't want you to know that." Steve keeps his arms looped around Jonathan's waist, his fingers linked at the small of his back. He tilts his head down to meet Jonathan's gaze, his lips curled in a pleasant smile. After a moment, Jonathan slowly lifts his arms to drape them over Steve's shoulders, and almost at exactly the same second, they both lean in for a kiss, soft and lingering and warm against the autumn chill.

"I wanna talk to you about something," Jonathan says once he's pulled away. One of his hands rests on the back of Steve's head, his bony fingers absently combing through his hair.

Steve arches an eyebrow, his mouth tilted in a charming smirk. "Okay, shoot."

"I'm on track to graduate a year early," Jonathan begins, twirling a strand of Steve's hair around his index finger, "and I was just thinking... Maybe when I get back, you and me could get a place together. Y'know, like our own little apartment or something. If you wanted."

Steve breaks out in a grin, all bright eyes and white teeth. His hands move up to cup Jonathan's cheeks, and he bends down to press a series of short, rapid kisses to his mouth. Jonathan laughs quietly against Steve's mouth and reaches up to grab at his wrists. When they finally break for air, their cheeks are pink in part from the cold and in part from the kisses. Steve's thumbs skim affectionately over the

lines of Jonathan's cheekbones.

"So is that a yes?"

*"Hell yes."*

**Author's Note:**

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